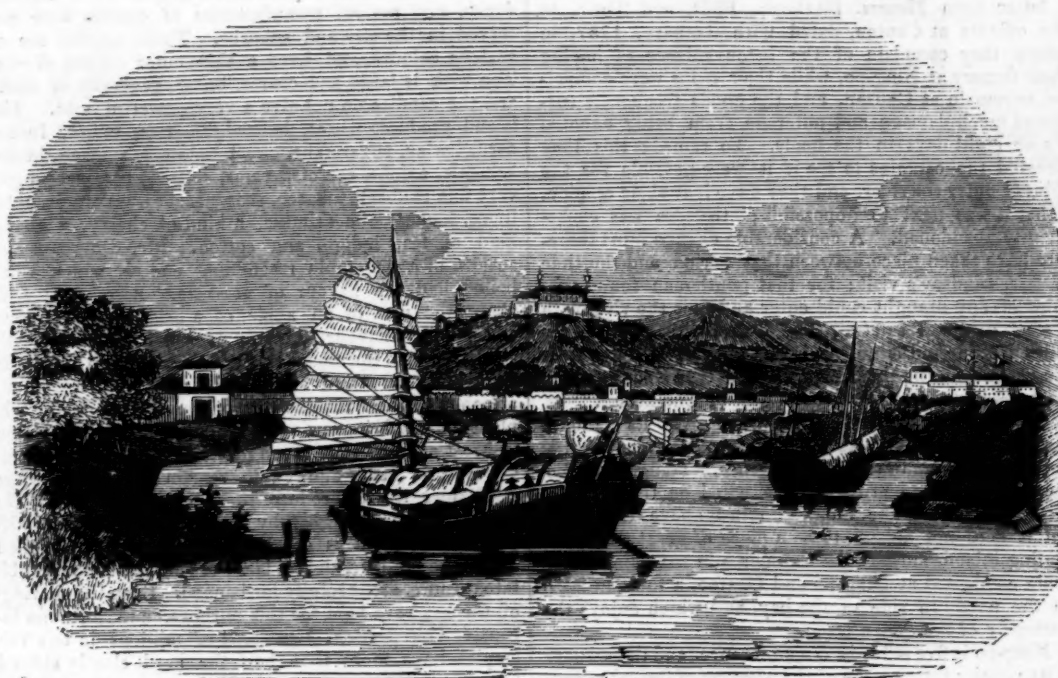




THE FIVE PORTS OF CHINA OPEN TO BRITISH TRADE.



NING-PO, FROM THE RIVER

III. NING-PO

On leaving Foo-choo, (the port described in our last article,) our vessels must steer along the coast in a north-easterly direction in order to arrive at *Ning-po*, the third port which we have to notice as newly opened to the British. But the numerous islands lying around this harbour, amounting, it is said, to several hundreds, and forming the Chusan group, give the character of a labyrinth to this part of the coast, and formerly caused the English in searching for Ning-po, to fail in their attempt, and to arrive instead at a spacious harbour in the island of Chusan. Ning-po is situated on the mainland, to the north of a long promontory increasing in height towards the sea, round which ships have to turn in order to gain this port. On their way thither they must go through a strait called Dumb Passage, a name given to the place by European sailors from a singular custom of the Chinese. When passing this spot the crews of Chinese junks maintain a profound silence, under the idea that there is a dragon sleeping there, who will awake at the sound of human voices and commit terrible depredations.

On entering the Ning-po river, the voyager first arrives at the town of Chin-hai, which is situated at its mouth, and is defended by its citadel, a fort built on a lofty headland jutting into the sea. The true name of this town is Tahae: it is the capital of the Heen, is built on a peninsula formed by the river on one side, and the sea on the other, against the inroads of which it is protected by a magnificent stone embankment, extending five or six miles along the coast, which is a flat plane of some extent, and considerably below the

high-water mark of the sea. The western banks of the river are flat; the eastern are bounded by a ridge of high and barren-looking hills: at some distance from the banks both sides are fertile and well-cultivated, and studded with numerous villages. For the first few miles this river flows in a south-west and west direction, and then tends towards the north-west. The river in front of Chin-hai is nearly half a mile wide, with six and seven fathoms water, so as to offer excellent anchorage for ships of any size.

The town of Ning-po is situated about twelve or fourteen miles up the river, on the western or left side, at a point where the stream divides into two branches. The walls of the town are of great extent, and the suburbs cover both sides of the river. Mr. Lindsay found the streets to be broader and the shops handsomer than in any other town he had seen. He found several shops appropriated to the sale of European woollen manufactures. The British up to the year 1759 had a factory in this city, and Mr. Lindsay was anxious to obtain some information as to whether any signs or remnants existed of foreign residences, but without success. Every one appeared perfectly well aware that foreigners had traded there nearly a century before, and that the greatest advantage had been derived to the city from that circumstance. The city appeared to be densely populated, the number amounting probably to three hundred thousand souls. The river fronting the town was full of junks, mostly belonging to the province, and a good many from Fokien.

Mr. Lindsay had frequent occasion to notice the singular inaccuracy of the English and missionary charts of this part of China, which is the more remarkable when it

is considered that the English traded here during many years. There are also some discrepancies in the accounts given of the river, which can only be accounted for by supposing that the depth of water over the bar of this river has increased considerably during the last century; for not only does Du Halde in speaking of it say,—“The entrance into Ning-po is difficult, especially for large vessels, there being but fifteen feet water over the bar in the highest tides;” but a clearer proof of its not having been practicable for ships of deep burthen to enter, is given by Mr. Lindsay, in an extract from the consultations of the Company's factory at Ning-po, in a letter from Messrs. Fitzhugh, Flint, and Torin, to the officers at Canton, dated 25th January, 1757, in which they complain of the inconvenience of having their factory at Ning-po, while their ships were compelled to remain at Chusan, and the goods frequently sustained much damage and pilferage from being exposed six or eight days in the boats. To remedy this they directed the captains to see if it were possible for the ships to enter the river, and they gave it as their opinion, “that it was next to impossible;” the idea was consequently abandoned. A considerable change must therefore have taken place between that period and the time of Mr. Lindsay's visit; for that gentleman found that ships of any draught could enter and quit the river with perfect ease and safety. The Tahea rises about sixty miles inland, and is not navigable above Ning-po; it is the eastern of the three rivers called San Keang, which disemboque themselves into the gulf of Che-keang.

The great river Che-keang, which gives its name to the province, is otherwise called Tseen-tang-keang, but is not of great commercial importance. Hang-chow-foo, the capital of the province, is situated on the banks of this river, about one hundred miles above Chin-hae; but it does not appear to be a place of great trade, excepting inland, most of the commerce in sea-going junks being conducted at Ning-po and Chafoo, a town situated on the northern side of the bay, and which enjoys the monopoly of the Japan trade.

Ning-po is five miles in circumference, and the scenery in its vicinity forms some of the prettiest of Chinese landscapes. Numerous hamlets are scattered here and there, and the multitude of waters causes great fertility of soil. The country is rich in cotton, vegetables, and rice, of which last two harvests are annually obtained.

The first cavalry seen in China by Mr. Bingham's party appeared on the beach, near the entrance to Ning-po river. Their horses were strong, but small; the men were armed with bows and arrows, with handsome appointments; and upon the whole they formed a very respectable appearance. The saddle is clumsy, and the rider, using a very short stirrup, has rather a huntsman's than a soldier's seat.

In one of the islands in this vicinity the following method of taking cattle was observed:—

A party, fifty strong, was formed into one line, about ten feet apart; and ropes, consisting of stud-sail haul-yards, extended from right to left, which the men held as high as their breasts, keeping it *taught*. This line reached nearly across the island, by which means the herd were driven down to a point of land, where they faced their pursuers, bellowing and tearing up the ground with their feet. At length, headed by a tremendous black bull, they charged the centre of the line. The extremities of the rope being kept *taught*, the foremost ones fell over it, when a rush was made on them, and before they could recover their legs, they were firmly tied with spun yarn. In this manner from five to six were caught at a *haul*, when having a rope secured round the horns, and another to one of their hind legs, the lashings were cast off, and they were worked down to the boat.

Among the islands of the Chusan archipelago, lying to the east of Ning-po, Chusan itself is the most import-

ant. This island is described as a miniature likeness of a vast chain of mountains; small streams flow from its central heights, and pass between the hills, which separate as they approach the sea. These hills form wide and extensive valleys, where boundary-walls and embankments preserve large alluvial plains. It lies off the centre of the Chinese coast, and becomes the key to the northern and southern trade; and from its approximation to the two great rivers, *Yang tse kiang* and *Hoang-ho*, is a most admirable position for becoming a general emporium of trade.

Timber is scarce; but the tallow tree is found in abundance, and several manufactories of candles were observed in the city and suburbs. These candles are of various colours, and have a thin outer coating of wax. The wick is large and coarse, being generally of rush; and the candles do not give a very powerful light. The island produces wheat, buckwheat, rice, millet, Indian corn, barley, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, spinach, beans, bringals, onions, carrots, yams, lettuce, turnips, ginger, very fine rhubarb, tobacco, peas, peaches, plums, oranges, limes, loquats, the arbutus, a kind of cherry, a coarse kind of tea, indigo, and cotton. Mr. Bingham also speaks of a vegetable resembling endive, which when boiled had the flavour of sea-kale. Also, of a fruit about the size of an apple, of a bright yellow colour, and delicious flavour, the pulp of which, when perfectly ripe, melted in the mouth. It had from four to five seeds, resembling tamarind stones; the stalk was formed and attached to the fruit like that of the potato-apple. The plant on which it grew appeared like a species of melon.

Most abundant crops are produced on this island, and the land is never allowed to remain idle. Of kitchen vegetables it will produce three crops in a year. The land is manured highly by a liquid preparation with which each plant is constantly and copiously supplied. Horns, bones, hair, and all kinds of substances convertible into manure, are carefully husbanded. Even the shavings of the head are kept for this purpose, and form no inconsiderable portion. Hundreds of millions in this vast empire have more than half the head closely shaved, the upper classes daily, and the lower as often as they can afford it.

Bricks, pans, and tiles are manufactured in Chusan from a fine blue clay which is plentiful there. When burnt this clay retains its original colour, and emits a fine metallic sound. When pounded, the burnt clay gives an admirable polish to brass-work. The means of conveyance in the island are by manual labour, the roads being little better than footpaths, and wheeled vehicles unknown.

Tinghai is the capital of Chusan, and the valley in which this city is situated has an embankment facing the sea, of full two miles in extent. The valley extends three or four miles into the gorge of the hills, and is principally under rice cultivation, though cotton, maize, beans, bringals, &c., are grown in small patches. Every spot on the slope of the hills, capable of cultivation, is covered with yams and sweet potatoes. This valley is watered by a large stream from the east; and about a mile before it reaches the sea there is a sluice, by closing which a large quantity of water is directed into various canals which intersect the valley, thus forming an easy means of irrigation and communication. At the point where this sluice is situated a good stone bridge crosses the stream. There are other bridges in this valley, most of which are formed of three blocks of stone or rather slabs, the centre piece lying parallel to the water, whilst the one on each side slants upwards from the bank, resting at one end on the land, and at the other dovetailed into the centre stone. They are often formed of single slabs of granite, from ten to twelve feet in length, and four in breadth. The whole space of these flat lands is generally covered with water, or is in such a damp muddy state as to render it unpleasant to cross the fields:

so that the passenger must confine himself to the narrow causeways by which they are divided, and these seldom exceed three or four feet in breadth, the centres of which are flagged with granite, affording a dry and comfortable foot-path.

The streets are narrow, ill-constructed, and dirty, with sewers running down the centre and discharging their contents into the canals. Every vacant corner in the streets is occupied by immense earthenware jars, into which is thrown every description of animal and vegetable filth which can in any way be used as manure for the neighbouring lands.

The temples and principal buildings are constructed of brick or stone, covered with cement: the houses are mostly of wood, beautifully varnished and polished on the outside; and the roofs are the most picturesque part of the buildings. Many of the respectable houses have pretty gardens attached to them, with a high wall shutting them out entirely from the town. The interiors of some of the houses were beautifully furnished and carved.

This city has a celebrated Joss-House. The word *joss* among the Chinese, may be translated to mean *idol*, and we may here abridge Mr. Bingham's account of the great temple or joss-house at Tinghai. On either side of the large and deep gateway which forms the entrance to this temple, is a seated colossal figure, protected by railings. Within is a large open quadrangle, one side of which is appropriated to the dormitories of the priests, and the other consists of a long narrow apartment with altars before three of their gods, which occupy arm-chairs, having elegant lanterns suspended before them. The first represents the Chinese Morpheus, and the countenance expresses perfect repose. The second is the goddess Teénhow, queen of Heaven. The third is a male figure with eight arms. The fourth side of the quadrangle is occupied by the temple. No sooner do you step clear of the screen which is before the door, than you are struck with the magnificence of the carving and the colossal Budha seated on the lotus flower. The figure in its sitting posture is fifteen feet high. On its right and left are two others, the whole representing the triad or three precious Budhas. The figures are gilt, and behind them are mirrors of *pe-tung*, or white copper, which when polished is not easily distinguishable from silver. Figures of thirty of the disciples of Budha also adorn this temple. They are as large as life, and richly gilt. They form good specimens of the fine arts in China: the play of human passions is well expressed in their countenances, and although too corpulent to suit our ideas of proportion, they are true to the Chinese standard of beauty.

One of these figures was that of a female with a glory round her head, and a child apparently issuing from the centre of her bosom. Before these figures is an altar, covered with small but well executed figures of Chinese; at the back of which is a lofty grotto, constructed of pieces of rock. On the projections of the grotto are numerous groups of figures which have the appearance of cherubim as represented by our village sculptors.

I am inclined to think from this (adds Mr. Bingham) and the glory round the female's head, that the figures of the Virgin and angels, formerly taken to China by the Jesuit missionaries, have led to a mixture of the Christian with the Chinese worship. I was much shocked at Macao by seeing the cross with our blessed Saviour on it, and also representations of the Virgin Mary, and of Roman Catholic saints, for sale, and mixed up with josses in the Chinese shops.

Before the principal image in the temple above described, there was a massively carved table with jars on it containing fine blue earth or clay, into which the *joss-sticks* (a sort of pastille) are fixed. These sticks are always kept burning in the temples. There were also round vases full of fortune-telling sticks, which are flat pieces of bamboo, painted with vermilion, and having

Chinese numbers and characters on them. If a Chinaman is about to set out on a journey, to make a purchase, or perform any other transaction of life, he takes out one of these sticks; when by the characters on it, he is referred to a leaf of some of the small books which hang up in the temple, and by what he there reads he decides on giving up or persevering in his intended act.

But, according to Lord Jocelyn, the Chinese, so far as these joss-houses are concerned, show very little respect for their religion. The mandarins and travellers of all descriptions use them as caravanserais on their journeys; the mandarins, indeed, if their rank is superior to the joss's as a god, place the latter outside the building during their sojourn.

The Temple of Confucius at Tinghai is described as occupying a most romantic situation, and as being embowered in trees. The dry masonry of the wall is a beautiful sort of mosaic work, so admirably executed that the point of a fine knife cannot be introduced into the interstices of the stones.

At Tinghai these were three arsenals, containing cannon-balls, bows and arrows, flags, and clothing for the troops. Great regularity and neatness prevailed in each of these departments; the different description of shot being in separate compartments, while the dresses were neatly labelled and packed into presses. These dresses consisted of large loose jackets thickly padded with cotton, and having the inside of the breast closely inlaid with thin scales of iron so as to be at that part perfectly ball-proof. The rockets found in the arsenal were mere childish weapons, in size about equal to a two-ounce rocket, with a small iron barb at the end. The guns were of the most miserable description, but curious from their extraordinary shape and antiquity; several were mere bars of iron hooped together. Some of these arms were sent to England as trophies.

TEMPERANCE is a virtue, which casts the truest lustre upon the person it is lodged in, and has the most general influence upon all other particular virtues of any that the soul of man is capable of; indeed so general, that there is hardly any noble quality or endowment of the mind, but must own temperance either for its parent or its nurse: it is the greatest strengthener and clearer of reason, and the best preparer of it for religion, the sister of prudence, and the handmaid to devotion.—DEAN SOUTH.

TO THE VIOLET.

OH! I would call thee sister, Violet!

* For thou like me art poor and lowly-minded;

Shunning the crowds enthralled in folly's net,

By fashion's glare, and wealth's vain splendours blinded.

With anxious care thy own sweet virtues tending;

Unmindful that no fame shall tell thy worth;

With calm content thy life in goodness spending,

For its own sake—meek, modest child of earth!

In shady lanes deep hiding out of sight;

Blessing with fragrance grey decrepid trees;

That, muffled o'er with ivy, darkly bright,

Nod their old heads fantastic in the breeze.

The peasant's children love thee, peeping round,

Linked hand in hand, to find thee, "bonnie gem;"

And smile with joy, and kiss thy buds when found,

Thou art so very sweet, so passing dear to them

Give me thy goodness, Violet; teach my heart

The firm resolve to bless my fellow-man;

Nor slothful live, but act like thee the part,

Our God assigns in his omniscient plan,

For what is life unblest with virtue's power,

Or high or humble its possessor's lot:

It fades away as doth a scentless flower,

Loathing itself, unloved, and soon forgot.

But virtue does not die; its memory sweet,

In poor men's hearts enshrined and cherished here;

Itself refined; for "God's own temple meet,"

Radiant with beauty blooms for ever there.—J. W.

SPEAKING MACHINES.

III.

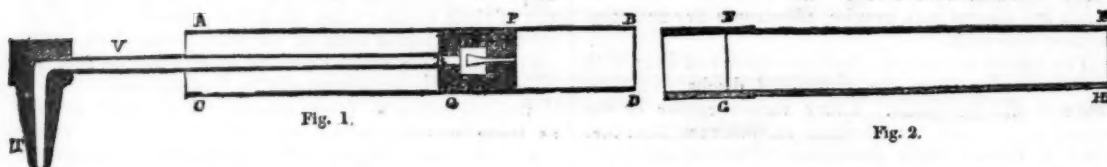


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

IN resuming our notice of Mr. Willis's interesting researches into the production of the vowel sounds, it may be well to recall attention to the apparatus formerly described. All such pieces of mechanism, whether intended to imitate vowel sounds alone, or consonants as well as vowels, consist essentially of three parts:—1. An air-chest to furnish a constant supply of air so far condensed as to form a current when exit is allowed:—2. An elastic plate or tongue, capable of being set into vibration by a current of air, which is thus made sonorous:—and 3. A variable cavity to produce those modifications in the sound which the mouth produces in man. Numerous as may be the minor arrangements, these three form the main elements employed.

When Mr. Willis found that a cavity of variable diameter and depth produced different vowel sounds, he determined to try cylindrical tubes; and the experiments produced some very remarkable results. He employed an air-chest and a vibrating reed, similar to those described in the last article; but his other apparatus was different, and is shewn in figures 1 and 2. *TV* is a tube bent at right angles, and connected with the air-chest at the extremity *T*; it terminates in a wooden piston *PQ*, provided with a socket for the reception of the reed *R*, which is represented in its place. A piece of drawn telescope-tube, *ABCD*, is fitted to the piston; the latter being so leathered as, on the one hand, to be air-tight, and yet to allow the tube to be drawn backwards and forwards, as a means of altering the length of the portion *PB* beyond the reed. There are other tubes, *EFGH*, (fig. 2,) of the same diameter as *ABCD*, furnished with sockets at *EG* which fit on to *BD*, and their lengths are different multiples of *AB*. The tube *ABCD* is about eighteen inches long, and an inch and a quarter in diameter.

By fitting a reed to the piston, therefore, and by thrusting the piston to different depths in the tube or series of tubes, Mr. Willis was able to test the effect produced by the tube on the vocal quality of the sound emitted by the reed. It was found that a successive lengthening of the part of the tube beyond the reed changed the vowel in a singular manner. The first vowel obtained was *I* (continental); then an increase of length changed it to *E*; afterwards to *A*, to *O*, and lastly, to *U*. Then, still farther increasing the length, the same series occurred, but in *inverse order*, viz. *U O A E I*. After this, another lengthening of the tube led to the production of a third series, similar to the first; and so on to a still further degree; but each repetition being less distinct than that which preceded it. The nature of the result may be seen from the annexed series, where the black line may represent the

I	E	A	O	U	U	O	A	E	I	A	E	O	U	U	O	A	E	I	A	E	O	U
a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w

varying length of the tube, and the letters represent the vowel sounds heard when the tube was of the length there indicated. It will be seen that the *I* and *E* are closer together than the *E* and *A*, the *E* and *A* closer than the *A* and *O*, and these latter closer than the *O* and *U*; that is, the lengths of tube for producing *I* and *E* are nearly the same, whereas the lengths for *O* and *U* differ more considerably. There are points or nodes,

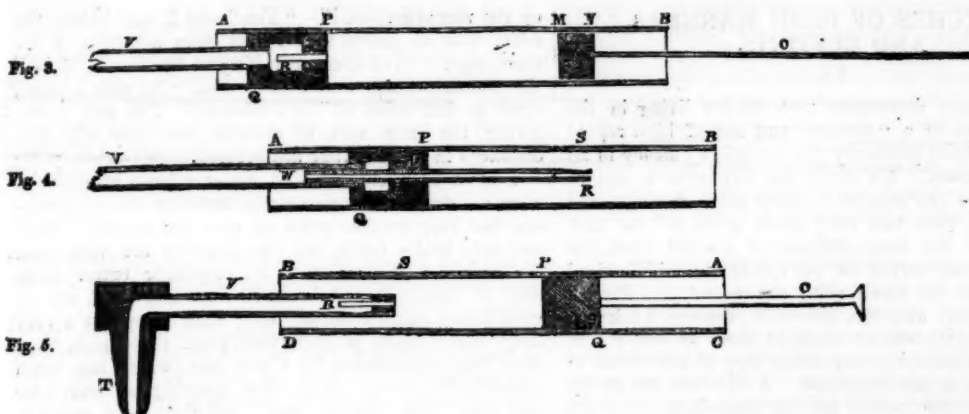
a b c d e f, where the series seems to terminate, preparatory to a regression of vowels as the length is increased.

This result is exceedingly curious, and when viewed in connexion with the doctrine of musical sounds, leads to analogies which may at some future time elicit valuable laws. It is pretty generally known, that when a vibrating string, or a column of air, is twice, thrice, or any other multiple, as long as another string or column, the resulting sounds are so nearly alike in character that they are denoted by the same musical character, although placed in different octaves. Now something like this is observable in Mr. Willis's results. Any multiple of the lengths of tube producing one series of vowels, produced a repetition of the same series. The analogy is observable still farther, for it was found that when a reed was employed yielding a higher tone, the distances of the nodal points *a b c*, &c., were shorter, but yet the series were formed the same as before. It was found that the distance *a b*, &c., varied exactly with the acuteness of pitch, and corresponded with the length of half a wave of sound producing the tone in question; that is, the velocity of sound per second (1125 feet), divided by the number of vibrations per second, gives the length of a wave of sound, equal in each case to the double of *a b*.

When the pitch of the reed is very acute, some of the vowels were found to be unattainable. The vowel *U*, for instance, depends on a certain length of tube, combined with a certain distance between the points *a b*; and if this distance be very small, (which it is when the tone is acute,) the proper length for *U* cannot be obtained. In like manner, if still higher notes were produced by the reed, more of the vowels would be rendered inaudible. This, as Mr. Willis remarks, is exactly the case in the human voice; female singers being unable to produce *U* and *O* in the higher notes of their voice. The natural sound of the reed, unconnected with the tube, seems to be something like that of *u* in the word *but*; from which it gradually changes into the sound of long *u* heard in *boot*, going probably through the intermediate sound heard in *book*.

Mr. Willis found that cylinders of the same length gave the same vowel, whatever were their diameter and figure, provided the reed yielded the same tone.

One of the most remarkable results of these experiments is the obtaining a kind of numerical measure of vocal sounds; indeed Mr. Willis expresses a belief that we shall eventually be able to furnish philologists and grammarians with a correct measure for the shades of difference in the pronunciation of the vowels by different nations. For example:—When a reed is vibrating in one of the pipes, and the length of pipe beyond the piston is made to vary by imperceptible degrees, the sound assumes the character of all the several vowels in succession, as the pipe obtains those particular lengths necessary for the vowel sounds. This length is not a varying and uncertain quantity; it appears to be tolerably fixed for every vowel, as far as the ear can detect one vowel from the slight shades whereby it melts into another; for it must be remembered that the vowels, in these experiments, do not succeed each other by sudden leaps, but glide one into the other. The sound of *o*, such as is heard in the word *no*, Mr. Willis found to result when the length of pipe was a little more than



four inches and a half; and that the other lengths were as follows:—

see	0.38
pet	0.6
pay	1.0
paa	1.8
part	2.2
paw	3.05
nought	3.8
no	4.7
but	indefinite.
boot	

That is, when the instrument yielded a vowel sound similar to that of *a* in *pay*, the length of tube beyond the piston was one inch; when it yielded the sound of *aa* in *paa*, it was nearly two inches; when that of *a* in *part*, rather more than two inches; when that of *ou* in *nought*, nearly four inches; and so on. It will be seen that the above ten words give the various vowel sounds, and also the intermediate sounds where one vowel blends into another. If the whole ten be repeated very rapidly, it will be seen how the cavity of the mouth becomes gradually elongated by the protrusion of the lips, analogous in some respects to the lengthening of the tube. The mode in which this table might possibly aid the researches of persons engaged on languages, may be thus illustrated. Suppose it were desired to compare the modes in which two nations were accustomed to sound the vowel *a*; if we could say that one gave the sound 1.0, and the other the sound 1.8, (alluding to the length of tube in inches, for producing those sounds), we should have a numerical measure capable of very exact comparison, much more general and philosophical than any modes of comparison now in use.

The circumstance, that any peculiar vowel sound is apparently connected with some particular elevation of pitch, if found to be generally true, may hereafter lead to important results in the science of music, and of sound generally. Mr. Willis remarks:—

This vowel quality may be detected to a certain degree in simple musical sounds; the high squeaking notes of the organ or violin speak plainly *i*, the deep bass notes *u*; and in running rapidly backwards and forwards through the intermediate notes, we seem to hear the series *u, o, a, e, i*—*i, e, a, o, u*.

Kempelen seems to have had an indistinct appreciation of something of the kind, for he says:—

It seems to me, that when I pronounce the different vowels on a note of uniform pitch, they appear to have a different character to the ear, and to possess a sort of *melody*; which, however, I am at the same time well aware cannot result except from a variation of pitch.

Mr. Willis extended his experiments, with a view of determining how far the vowel sound was affected by varying the distance between the air-chest and the reed, a space called by him the *porte-vent*. Fig. 3 represents a tube such as was before used, but in this a piston M N

was inserted, very nearly equal to the diameter of the tube, and capable of being moved to and fro by the handle *o*. When this was done, Mr. Willis found the sound of the reed to continue without interruption, putting on, but rather less distinctly than before, the different vowel qualities, corresponding to the length of tube B N between the end of the piston and the mouth, whatever were the length of P B; that is, the portion of tube nearest the mouth, and not the portion between the piston and the reed, determined the vowel.

In another form of experiment, fig. 4, the reed *a*, instead of being inserted into the piston as in former cases, was fixed to the end of a slender tube W R, made to slide air-tight through a collar of leather attached to the piston; so that the length P S admitted of alteration at pleasure. It was then found that the vowel-sounds still depended on the length P B; that is, on the length of tube from the piston to the mouth, the same as in the former two cases.

In another modification, fig. 5, the reed was attached to the end of a *porte-vent*, T V R, and presented to the tube A B C D, furnished with a solid piston P Q. It was found that by drawing the piston in and out by the handle *o*, the vowels depended entirely on the length P B, between the piston and the mouth. In every case, therefore, the vowel quality seemed to depend upon this open portion of the tube, or whatever part of it the reed was situated, and whether it was more or less distant from the air-chest.

Mr. Willis's researches did not extend to the production of consonants, since his object was to place on philosophical grounds the causes which regulate the production of vowels. We are not aware that any more recent investigations have been made into this matter; but we join in the opinion that,

before another century is completed, a talking and singing machine will be numbered among the conquests of science; so that the utterance or pronunciation of modern languages will be conveyed not only to the eye, but also to the ear of posterity. Had the ancients possessed the means of transmitting such definite sounds, the civilized world would still have responded in sympathetic notes at the distance of many ages.

On! let the steps of youth be cautious,
How they advance into a dangerous world;
Our duty only can conduct us safe.
Our passions are seducers: but of all
The strongest Love. He first approaches us
In childish play, wantoning in our walks;
If heedlessly we wander after him,
As he will pick out all the dancing-way,
We're lost, and hardly to return again.
We should take warning: he is painted blind,
To show us, if we fondly follow him,
The precipices we may fall into.
Therefore let Virtue take him by the hand:
Directed so, he leads to certain joy.—SOUTHERN,

SKETCHES OF IRISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

IX.

We have lately discovered that we are living in the neighbourhood of a "station," and one of high repute with the Catholic peasantry for sovereign efficacy in all sorts of diseases. We came one day upon a sort of little ditch on the side of a pretty sharp declivity, and on the bank were two very queer holes in the dark stone, one of the shape and size of a small bowl, the other as if it had served for the mould of a middle-sized saucepan. In the bowl, saith the legend, St. Patrick leant his elbow, and the saucepan received his knee; and forthwith, the stones acquired their present shape, and their miraculous power which they communicate to the water that is put into them. A little tin can lay on the bank, and the people fill the stone holes from the water in the ditch, which is quite pure, and then bathe any afflicted part three times. Monday, Thursday, and Friday are the three proper days. Prayers are to be recited at the same time, and recovery is certain.

"But ye must have the faith, lady dear," said the good woman who was telling me these wonders. "Sure I seen the road all throng wi' kiars (cars), and horses, and people, an' they all got well. There was one boy brought on a kiar,—a dacent boy he was,—an' all helpless, an' he bathed and prayed, an' if he did, sure he walked back to the kiar. I seen him meself; och! an' many more, many more."

"Well, now," said I, "here is a little wart on my finger,—do you mean to say that the water will cure it?"

"Troth do I, but ye must be sure to say a prayer as ye dip it in, an' if ye have faith, ye'll sartainly be cured."

I cannot say much for my faith, but I do think there is some solvent property in the water, for the wart certainly decreased upon two dips, and I suspect would have disappeared had I persevered, which the distance prevented.

Near this station are the remains of an old altar of rough masonry, with an altar-piece, which appears to me to be curious. It is a large oval medallion let into the masonry, perhaps four and a half or five feet in circumference. It is of a dark grey fine-grained stone, like fine slate, and it is said that it came from Scotland. It has a neat margin in lines some three inches wide; in the centre is a perfect and well relieved three-quarter figure of our Saviour on the cross; the head is turned up with a remarkable expression of suffering. On the shoulders rest the feet of a figure with very large wings extended from the shoulders, and forming a sort of arch over the Saviour's head. The arms and body of this figure (meant, I suppose, for the Holy Spirit) are very much defaced; the head is distinct, but not the features. There is a legend round the lower part of the medallion, and some people say they can make it out, but as I could not, I shall say nothing about it. There are no ruins, no fragments of walls, or anything to indicate a regular place of worship, and the excellent workmanship of the medallion is in strange contrast with the rude masonry supporting it. Young oaks are growing out of the stonework, and form a sort of bower for the altar, and the whole is very picturesque. It is situated half way up a steep wild broken hill, and commands the glen for a considerable distance on each side. Under what circumstances of fear and peril the worshippers at that wild altar may have offered up their prayers! The people about know nothing of its story.

One of the small peculiarities here is that the women never will describe the distance by miles, but they ask if I know such a place. "Yes." "Well, dear, then it's convenient to that." The other day I asked a woman where she lived? She slowly turned round till she faced Tieve bulli, or Tieve ouli, as some people say it ought to be spelt, "D'ye see that white smoke curling

up the mountain side?" "Yes," said I, and indeed the effect was so pretty that I had been admiring it for some time. "Well then, dear, it's just by there it'll be." An Englishwoman would have said, "At such a place, three or four miles off," in a moment. The men prefer giving the same sort of answer, but they will give distances in miles if they are pressed.

I have been surprised at the excellence of many of what we should call cross roads, and they are so numerous that they are like veins all over the country; some are only bridle roads, but the majority are very good for cars. I suspect they are originally better made than in England, and being so high and hard, and no very heavy weights passing over them, they last a very long time. Many of them were great thoroughfares in their day; superseded by a new line, which has again yielded to a newer. It is often amusing to hear "the new road," and "the old road," and "the ould auncient road," and "the very old road that I can remember," all discussed. In my small Irish experience I am acquainted with three generations of roads on the same line, each extremely advantageous to the public, and in its formation extremely beneficial to the local poor.

There is an excellent and interesting road from Glenarm right inland to Brushane, skirting above Glenarm Park, and commanding the whole glen, with its beautiful river, woods, and glades. The mountain on the other side partially planted, and then very purple and bare, the Castle, the village, and the sea, terminating the view at one end, and lines of blue misty mountains being the barrier at the other end of the glen; and all this is presented in the happiest manner to the traveller as he winds up the mountain on the right side of the glen. For some miles after gaining a sort of high tableland, the road is very wild, amongst turf-bogs and hills. One of those tracts, that are strictly Irish, and with the rich browns and purples in which they excel, and occasional nests of cabins, and groups of picturesque figures, always please me very much. By degrees we got into cultivation, and had our old acquaintance Slamish for our companion, but under very improved circumstances; for instead of the table-head he wore when we first saw him on the Ballymena road, he presented himself as a beautiful sharp-pointed cone, as fine a mountain in miniature as could be seen. The lower part rich in corn and pasture, then much fine timber, increasing into the rich woods and plantations of Cleggan, a shooting lodge of Lord O'Neill's, which cover a very large district. Just at the entrance of Brushane we passed Tullamore Lodge, another seat of Lord O'Neill's; the house cannot be seen from the road. The woods are very fine; indeed, from Cleggan to Tullamore, though not, I believe, all one property, is almost one wood of various thickness and beauty, on the right hand side. Brushane is a poor place, abounding in public-houses, and with the distinction of a race-course, which is now useless, Lord O'Neill, the landlord, refusing the people permission to have races, from the pernicious effects they used to have on the morals of the people. I wish all proprietors of race-grounds would shew as much disinterestedness and benevolence. Our way led us through Ballymena to Randalstown, which we found remarkably neat, with a handsome church and good organ. We proceeded to Toome by a most beautiful road, the steep hills giving us exquisite views of Lough Neagh and the Antrim hills. The mountains tumbled about finely from the Lough to the sea on the north, with the wavy cultivated grounds, and splendid woods of the Shane's Castle domain, and on the other side we had a fine sweeping country, the north-western end of Lough Neagh and the river Ban, which combines it with the very pretty Lough Beg, and some fine chains of Donegal Mountains. I never saw a succession of more charming views.

Finding Raymond Cottage was shewn, we went there

from Toome. It is another property of the Lords O'Neill, and is a low thatched and ivied cottage, embosomed in noble trees, with only a lawn and a thick border of trees between it and Lough Beg. Appearing very small, the cottage possesses considerable accommodation, and is as sweet a retreat as could be wished. Toome is a very small but neat place, with a very long and handsome bridge, which, from the appearance of the river, and the low marshy land, must be very needful in the winter.

We had now been journeying many long miles upon the O'Neill estates,—indeed, were feeling very much like the man in the old story of *Je n'entends pas*, who owned everything, and we were now nearing the object of our little excursion,—seeing as much of Shane's Castle as the liberality of the present lord has thrown open to the public, and with the most kindly concern for the comfort of those admitted. When we arrived at the appointed spot, our horses were taken to the stable recently erected purposely for such pleasure-seekers as ourselves. Our baskets were taken into a nice pretty room, in a beautiful sort of log-house, called the Pic-nic Lodge, and the neat civil man who took charge of them told us he could boil our potatoes in a little kitchen, built expressly for the use of such visitors. When to our surprise and comfort all these matters were thus arranged I sat down on the soft sod and enjoyed the lovely view, and I certainly thought Lord O'Neill's admiration of his beautiful place could not exceed mine. There lay Lough Neagh at the foot of the steep little bank on which I sat, rolling his white crested waves in the bright sunshine, as blue and gleaming as the sea. Fine trees and lofty pines rose around me: the Antrim hills, and the woods of the Massarene Deer-Park were on my left: then the hills and woods and fields melted away in blue haze to the south, and for a long distance the water was our pioneer till we swept round to the far distant parts of the Shane's Castle domain on the right.

After enjoying this scene for some time we proceeded by a nice path through the trees by the side of the Lough to another very pretty root-house, where the bright view seen through the dark arches acting like a frame to it, has a charming effect. Our path led us to the ruins of the old castle, burnt down some years ago by accident. Enough remains to show that it was a spacious and stately edifice, worthy of the noble domain: it is on the shore of Lough Neagh, with a very fine terrace, with a wall and embrasures, and twenty-one twelve pounders mounted; at one end of the terrace is a tower, with a staircase descending to the lake. Extensive additions to the castle were in progress at the time of the disaster; they were immediately suspended, and, in their unfinished condition add to the desolate appearance. A very fine conservatory, opening from these new buildings, is finished and well filled, and contrasts strangely with the ruins around it. We scrambled over the broken ground down to the immense vaults under the castle, wide enough and high enough to drive a large carriage; the masonry excellent. The vault we were conducted along had various branches from it, and gave us much more idea of the great extent of the castle than the appearance above had done; it brought us out on the edge of the Lough on the side of the tower.

Our next point was the old burying-ground of the O'Neills, sometime disused and quite overgrown. The chapel is very small, and the whole thing brought the description of the chapel at Canges, in *Roderick the Goth*, very strongly to my mind. Over the door is an iron plate with the names of more generations of O'Neills than I can attempt to repeat; we could not get in, which I had rather a fancy to do, especially after seeing the mouth of the subterraneous passage by which the funeral processions passed from the castle to the grave.

The present house is not shown. After the fire, the coach-house and stables were fitted up as a temporary

dwelling, but improvements took place, an excellent comfortable mansion was arranged, and has continued the residence of the Lords O'Neill. The various courtyards for stables, byre, pigs, ricks, &c., are remarkably large and capitally arranged; the byre particularly pleased me. Thirty-three beautiful cows and a very fine bull were each in their stall, well-groomed, well-littered, the stalls nicely painted, the byre well-paved, well-lit, and as neat and clean as a pet stable. Each cow's name was over her stall, and the complete order of everything was a perfect treat to my tidy tastes.

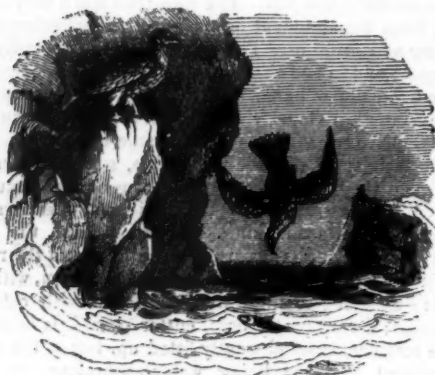
The gardens and pleasure-grounds are very extensive and beautifully laid out. The wall-fruit was a very pretty sight, from the abundant crops, and the perfection of the training and pruning. The hot-houses were equally well managed; and in one that was very large the grapes hung with a profusion of bunch and berry which I never saw but in the Hampton Court vine. From a long berceau walk and extensive nursery-ground we came out on the road, in the vicinity of the Pic-nic Lodge, got our carriage, and drove about the park, which throughout is beautiful, and daily improving from the judicious openings and clearings which are making. A fine stream, the main water, runs through the park into the lake, and the recent openings let in charming reaches of the stream, with rich woods feathering to the water, or glades with cattle on the banks; a very pretty boat, cutter-rigged, is kept, and a fine steamer, most elegantly fitted up, lies in the river: the present lord not liking water-excursions, we were told the crew of the steamer had been dismissed.

The deer-park is charming: the ground is so varied, the timber, whether single, clumped, or in masses, is so picturesque, the large herds of deer are in such perfect keeping with the scene, and the bright line of Lough Neagh, and the blue hills beyond the town of Antrim, caught or lost as our grassy road rose or turned, gave fresh beauty to it every moment. Any one conversant with Gilpin's delightful forest scenes may imagine the style of the beauty. I had never seen anything before that pleased me so much as the chace at Chatsworth, on the Bakewell side, but the deer-park at Shane's Castle has all the extent, the wildness and the varied outline, with richer timber, brighter verdure, and the life and spirit which deer and water always give to a landscape, and is indeed enchanting. We were allowed to see the deer-park cottage, occupied by the deer-keeper; it is surrounded by magnificent trees, and is on a snug lawn inclosed from the park, it is a very pretty edifice in the old English style, and accords perfectly with the scene around it.

We lingered long in the park, watching the declining sun with the deep shadows and rich lights, till the whole became a soft gray, and we departed by the Randalstown entrance, which is very handsome, and drove four miles to Antrim by a capital broad road, having the park paling by us the whole way. An excellent boundary wall is erecting to supersede the paling, and is giving employment to hundreds; indeed the residence of the present lord on the estate, his spirit of improvement, and the vigilance and benevolence with which he sees about everything and listens to every body, are a blessing to the country, and will in a few years produce a great alteration in the people and neighbourhood. Carriages are permitted to drive through the park from Antrim to Randalstown.

Antrim is a tolerably neat town; at the entrance of it is a very ugly gate-way into Lord Massarene's park. The gate-way is memorable as being the spot where the first Lord O'Neill was killed in the melancholy days of the rebellion of '98. There is nothing particular in the house, which is shown, nor in the pleasure-grounds, except a very broad and stately avenue of limes forming a lady's plesance, the sort of promenade one sees in old engravings, where stiff ladies in hoops and great fans, are receiving the homage of gentlemen in ruffles, and

bags and little cocked hats which are sweeping the ground with their lowly reverence; such personages and only such, are fitting company for these quaint and proud-looking trees, which seem to look down with disdain upon our dress and demeanour. I believe we might have seen more of the park, but our time was out, our play-hour was passed, and we returned home rejoicing over our little tour, and determined to bring the beauty we had seen, and the benevolence we had heard of, under the notice of our own countrymen even in this slight way.



THE TWO EAGLES.

A FABLE.

FAR o'er the sea, where breakers roar
On distant Orkney's craggy shore,
And nature, midst those regions rude,
Is merry in her solitude*;
Where not a human step is found
For many a weary mile around,
Save where the crafty Fowler plies
His dangerous trade, and deftly tries
A thousand stratagems, to snare
The wild birds in their rocky lair,
Or lure them downwards, as they trace
Their circuit through the realms of space,
Two EAGLES came, and from the steep
Gazed idly on the dark blue deep.
"Hist!" said the younger, "I behold
A lovely fish like burnish'd gold;
O dearest mother, see it play,
As if it wished to be my prey.
Now will I stoop with judgment true,
Strike it, and soon return to you."

"No, no, my child, I bid thee stay;
I will not have thee sport to-day.
Cast on the sea, this noontide light
Might dazzle e'en an Eagle's sight.
Thus far of sport; and as to food
Our larder's full, our meat is good:
The young ones wait; the weather's fine;
Come with your mother, come and dinet."

On foolish ears the warning came:
He spread his wings and took his aim,
Then hurried down, with headlong beak,
Nor stopped to heed her bitter shriek,
Who knew the guile that lurked within
Those flashing scales, that beauteous skin.
"Stay stay, my child, 'tis all deceit—
A wooden fish—yon Fowler's cheat."
'Twas so: his neck the Eaglet broke,
Dash'd on a plank of painted oak,
And soon was dangling on a string,
A stricken, stunn'd, and wounded thing.

* Off this coast are the breakers called the Merry Men of May, from the perpetual exultation of the dancing waves.

+ "Mr. Lloyd says, in his *Northern Field Sports*, that eagles in Orkney are represented as striking turbot and other fish. For the following account of an eagle's larder, discovered in the Isle of Arran, when a nest of that bird was taken, I have the authority of a Scottish laird who received it from an eye-witness. It consisted of four rabbits, several grouse, a black cock, a lamb, and two eels."—LORD TRIGMOUTH'S *Sketches of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*.

The mother, at his fate distressed,
In lonely sorrow sought her nest,
Pining with all a parent's pain,
To think he ne'er would fly again;
Whilst he, poor bird, a noble prize,
To gladden his destroyer's eyes,
Was clean'd and stuff'd, then found a place
Within a glaz'd and varnish'd case,
Where at this day he may be seen,
With outstretch'd wings and daring mien,
To take his aim, and so withstand
A loving parent's strict command.

Turn not away, dear child, nor fail
To ponder well my simple tale,
And should temptation e'er intrude
To filial ingratitude;
Should wise decrees, or counsel kind,
Seem hard to your less practis'd mind,
Whilst time allows, remember still,
In defence to a parent's will,
What dues of love to them are owed,
Who, under God, your life bestowed;
Tended your childhood's opening day
With care you never can repay,
And when the world was fast asleep,
Did o'er your head their vigils keep;
Loved, warned you, thought upon your good,
Gave you your clothing, home, and food,
Saw many a pitfall midst the flowers
That charmed you in those pleasant hours;
Bade you, with friendly voice, beware
The world's cold smile, the spoiler's snare;
Joy'd in your joys with pleasure deep,
And wept when you were called to weep;
Pray'd for you, taught you how to pray,
Told you of heav'n, and show'd the way.

T. B. M.

† Eccles. xlii. 9.

EPITAPH ON COWPER.

YE who pure faith and moral worth revere,
And to departed genius drop the tear,
A fellow bard this humble tribute claims,—
Cowper,—enroll'd 'mid high poetic names.
Though blest with fancy, genius, manly sense,
And, to crown all, with pure benevolence,
These by desponding thoughts were oft o'erthrown,
When "Melancholy marked him for her own."
Yet, while his spirit felt the chastening rod,
Meekly he suffer'd and confess'd his God;
With grateful zeal Almighty love ador'd,
And, though the Poet drooped, the Christian soared,

CIRCASSIAN HOUSES.

AMONG us civilized folks it is too commonly the case that the air of heaven—one of our best friends—is shunned and excluded as our worst enemy; but the Circassians are in the other extreme, and appear to me to admit it to too great familiarity. Besides the way it makes through their thatching and abundant apertures left for it in the walls, it has free admission in all weathers by the open door and windows, while the enormous funnel of a chimney creates a strong draught. This is the general state of the guest-houses, with a few exceptions; while others, owned by most hospitable landlords, are left in such a state of disrepair as would make many Englishmen hesitate about stabling their horses in them. Of this kind was the one I slept in at Bochundûr, on my way to Khabl, with the thermometer four degrees minus. The end of the room, which communicated with a wicker stable, was itself not much better than open wicker-work; while a mass of the clay plaster behind the door, about as big as the doorway, had fallen from the wicker-work, and with other numerous apertures, left such free passage for the wind as made the room, at a few feet from the fire, little better shelter than the adjoining hill-side. But an enormous fire is never wanting; so that the chief guests, whose divans are close beside it, are grilled on one side, and frozen on the other. At two or three feet from these fires, I have frequently of late been interrupted in writing by the ink freezing in my pen.—BELL'S *Residence in Circassia*.

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